

A Hib. 7. 1667. 4

# PENDARIQUE ELEGIE

Upon the death of the R. R. Father in God

# J E R E M Y,

Late Lord Bishop of Dounie,  
Connor, and Dromore.

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By Le. Mathews A. M. à sacr. domeſt.

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TO THE  
MEMORY  
Of the most Venerable Doctor,  
JEREMY TAYLOR;  
Lord Bishop of DOWNE; &c.

Stanza. I.

H Appy the man, whom fate permits to stay  
In the abodes of old eternity,  
Careless what's to live, and what to dye,  
Or what's a doing in mortality,  
Well satisfied only to be,  
To swell in an immortal ray,  
Hid in the light of that long lasting day.

A 2

But

But happier he! if 'tis his doom  
From ~~Negro~~ ~~the~~ ~~lyring~~ room  
To enter on the stage, the world,  
Who durst or durst not enter but  
Or turned up the City's bill,  
Or found a mare, or gaze amongst the crowd,  
And do inglorious things and vice,  
And idly laugh and prate a while,  
Till out of breath wrapt in a common shroud,  
Is laid with unknown bones; and has no fame allow'd;  
But he who bravely speaks and bravely does,  
And throughout all the various Scenes  
Worthy and fit himself means,  
Whether his part the Prince or Peasant shows,  
For that the Dramatist and not he chose:  
He does deserve th' applause of all.  
Thrice happy him! may the spectators call,  
When th' worlds almighty Poet bids the curtain fall.

Such was the man whom all admir'd,  
Whom Fame and Heaven by his breath inspir'd,  
Whose funeral songs made others live,  
And Immortality did often give to  
And yet though such a man  
Though thus the mighty man is done  
The mighty man has done great things in life  
He, he is gone and left us here

To

To doubt if heaven can teach another land  
 Or what for us it does intend,  
 For about joyes and hopes are frightened frown  
 Ere since the whole world arches by a catchick groan  
 The Doctors gone,

## III.

Open great volumn of Fame, open wide,  
 Written fair and full on every side ;  
 To all the world his story show,  
 Though all the learned world already know.  
 But Paint, be elegant like him,  
 Be quaint, be copious, and not obscure ;  
 And Book unfullied be and trim,  
 Have a large character's, but specially be sure  
 without, within  
 No blot, no stain be seen,  
 For this to latest ages must endure.

IV.

For midnights of Ages and Sciences  
 He was the man, so pure, so innocent,  
 So careless of forbidden fruit,  
 Richly supplyd with Natures own sweetest,  
 So masculine his soul, and so content

To be but man ; so little bent

To vice, that you might call  
 Him one not bruised by Adams fall on earth,  
 If e'er but with admiration seest

His

((o 2))

His generous looks his glorious meet, o' T  
They made me think of heaven, and of the saints above.

So Angels live, and smile, and love; o' T  
And one going merrily as soon, that they could  
Had ancient scores to pay,  
And smelt our Grandfathers mouldy clay.

### V.II

So vast his knowledge, he  
Had tafted off of each allowed tree;  
On all their sweets had daily fed  
The Bird of Paradise, he kindly bred  
A gallant Dove within the Serpents head;  
The Cherubs bow'd, and sheath'd their swords;  
For's tongue had all the charms of words,  
All that language and wit affords.  
And new and bitter names did wear;  
And's lucky pen (as if a pencil twere)  
Made gold, by gilding it, more golden to appear.  
Ye, woldoms Sons with him there's lost  
A Vatican of learned things, which cost  
A Treasury of precious time; bat grieve ye most  
For undiscover'd Arts and Sciences,  
And what is excellent in those, or these; o' T  
What never was, what never shall be found,  
With his lyceum under ground.  
Had he been where the Lycean man throng  
Thought those two Priests Gods in humane' shape;

He

He

He scarcely could escape  
 Their worship, and a banishing Song ;  
*Jove* for his presence, *Mercury* for his tongue.  
 Had he been thine, fond *Rome*, th' hadst gloried more  
 In him than all thy wondrous Saints before ;  
 His birth had famous been and great,  
 His life a golden legend shou'd repeat ;  
 The *Hero* dead had sainted bin ; and soon to follow  
 His Reliques miracles must have done,  
 Whilst his the Rubrick names did far out-thine ;  
 Yet though thy native he had not been thine ;  
 Strong prejudice his free-born soul  
 Custom and interest were never able to controule :  
 Could my weak voice make Fames trump louder sound,  
 I'd speak thy praise the Universe around ;  
 Great Saint ! thy humbl'est votary,  
 A thousand hymns I would bestow,  
 Alas ! ten thousand would not do :  
 Too big the subject, and too strait the Poetry ,  
 For all that can be bravely said is due to thee.

VIII

Oft have I thought, and still admir'd  
 Religion's Sons in black attire,  
 Black, natures mourning vails, a few  
 More dismal far than cypress or the yew !  
 Black ! that checks the toying beams of light :  
 Black ! the mantle of forsaken night ;  
 Canonick habit of a Tragedy ! to noisome oldish  
 Misfortunes dress ! Deaths livery !

There was of yore (and, yet there scarce could be)

Religion's darling, an illustrious he,  
bright Saint, like thee ;  
Whose face did shine  
When thou didst preach God's Law, like thine,  
Who lighted the bewildred host  
With a dark Lanthorn, a cloud and flaming post,  
Till in Mount Neboes vale their guide and light they lost ;  
For some such loss as theirs or ours, I guess  
The mystick train of men profess  
An art of death, and ghostly things do talk,  
And ever since in mourning gravely walk.

## VIII.

Such was the mitred man  
Our great *Dioceſan*,  
Whose Crosier aw'd our murmuring land,  
As he those tribes with a miraculous Wand ;  
Whose eye not dim, but natures heat intire ;  
The sacrifice on th' altar did expire :  
His sacred feaver, his ardent love  
Heav'd him to Heaven, and to those flames above ;  
Jebovah suck't, and kiss'd his soul away,  
As Rabbins of *Israels* Prophet say :  
Or as the Tishbite in his fiery coach  
Rode up toth' Gate, and Heavens bright palace did appear.  
Strange was his death, and strange his grave ! (proach :  
And our great Prophet too ascended so ;  
O had he left his mantle here below !  
A harder thing then Shaphats Son we crave,  
A double portion of thy spirit may thy Successors have.

## I X.

How poor, how short a thing is all  
The time which here we living call !

Scaroe, is our race begun,  
Ere half our race is run ;  
The noble prize how very few have won ?  
With Tim's quick wings to death we fly  
As swiftly as the hours ; and you and I,  
Reader and all must dye.

Stay serious thought, prethee stay ;  
See how apt 'tis to flee away !

When th' undiscerned hand does snatch us hence,  
For what good deed expect we recompence ?

When we are tumbled into dust,  
What can Fame say, if it be true and just ?

We must like common people die,  
Nothing but vulgar in our Elegie,  
There's nothing of our own.

To be by future  
Our memories 'mongst undistinguisht bealts are thrown.

Thy fate, blest soul, cannot be such,  
Whom none could prize, whom none could praise too much :  
My Beads Ile bid before thy venerable shrine,  
Who like the Stars, to whichth' art gone, didst shine :

I fear my rhimes, my love  
So ill exprest, may libels prove ;

For what is set too high, no man can reach,  
But in thy stile, none ought of thee to preach ;  
To read the Text again is the best gloss ;  
Thy glorious Works can praise thee most ; thy name  
Shall be preserv'd by th' spicy breath of Fame !

Support and ornament oth' Christian Cross !  
The Churches Doctor ! the Catholick loss !

But though the Doctors dead,  
Though from the Panie the Oracle is fled,

The Temple still is hallowed ;

His sacred ashes still are there ;

He alway pay a sigh, a tear :

Rest holy clay,

Slumber till the judgement day ;

Devout cinders ! contrite dust !

Mild heart ! free from chak'ring rust !

Learned brain ! eloquent tongue !

Charmes of the attentive throng !

Bright cheerful looks ! which ne're

Envie or grief, anger or fear,

Though they have try'd a thousand times and more,  
Could make you pale before !

Pious breaths ! you'll sigh no more, but sleep :

Rest closed eyes ! no more you'll weep :

Rest facred clay,

Slumber till the judgement day !

Who like the stars of ariell's bright song,  
My Beads I ead, did sing,

I fear my iurisidion may love

so hi exhort, may preche

Thus

Thus I said, and as I said,  
 The awfull Relick made me bow my head,

What was in life so great; is something great when dead;

## XII

His scul from golden Fetteres free,  
 Rapt to its own dear liberty,  
 To highest Heaven knew all the wayes,  
 For there't had beenten thousand times in pray'r and praise,

Wrapt in a commendatory prayer,

A mouthful of articlate Air,

— Air rarifyed with hearty zeal

Was its first vehicle;

A nimble Cherub quickly flyes

From the best wardrobe in the skies;

For soon the news had fill'd those starry rooms,

The Prelat comes;

The welcom guest is quickly cloath'd upon

With Aibes of pure etherial lawne;

Subtile as Angels joy, and fine

As is the breath divine:

clad in that Robe of white,

Of soft and never with'ring light,

He gently passes through

A long admiring row

Of sained Ghosts to marty<sup>r</sup> Charles swain

Come, Taylor, come,

Here's Hammond, there is Sanderson;

The lesser Argels all make room,

And

And they embrace——ill-natured men ! in vain  
 Ye kept these three from the entreating Sovereign :  
 Enter bright Soul this general Convention,  
 This Quire of Priests ; hither's thy translation,  
 Bishop Elect ! there shortly will be given  
 To thee a Diocese in the large Hierarchy of Heaven.



**F I N I S,**



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